

1489w.12  
THE  
Old LADY in her Tantarums;  
OR  
MOTHER OXFORD  
RANTING AT  
Her ELDEST SON K--N G.  
BEING

A Translation of Part of an Epistle lately  
published by J. B. Fellow of *Eton* Coll.

---

*By a SCHOOL-BOY at ETON.*

---

*It is better to dwell in a Corner of the House  
Top, than with a brawling Woman in a  
wide House.*

PROV. xxv. 24.

*Let not thy Voice be heard amongst us: least  
angry Fellows run upon Thee.*

JUDGES xviii. 25.

---

E T O N.

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*Advertisement.*

**T**H E following Pages are not a literal, but a very close Translation of *Alma-Mater's* Speech to Dr. K—G, in Mr. B——N's Epistle to E. B. I have added a few Appendixes, as explanatory of some Difficulties either in Thought or Expression, in as familiar a Manner and Style as the Epistle is wrote in. As it is but a *School-Boy's* Attempt

it will be worth no *Man's* while to play the Critick with it. If it yields the Reader *no* Edification, he may thank the Author of the *Latin*; if the *Translation* gives him any Mirth, the Tribute then I claim as my *Own*.

*Adieu.*

*Eton, Feb. 1, 1750.*

THE





THE  
 OLD LADY  
 IN HER  
 TANTARUMS, &c.

**U**PON my Word, you trifling and hot-headed Speechifier, [*App. 1.*] you take too much upon you, I assure you, Sir, without my Consent, to enter upon my Defence. I am amazed you should pretend to make use of my Name, when you are disgracing me with your Actions. Prithee, if you must thus lay about you, don't think I will be your Stop-gap to gratify your Passion. What d'ye

d'ye think to make Me (who am the Nurse of all liberal Learning, Modesty, Discipline and Decency) the Patroness of your Petulance and Abuse? I would have you to know, Sir, that I have been always looked upon as a true Friend to Church and State, and am determin'd to be so, whatever you may think of it; and that my Intimacy and Friendship is so well established, that, like a *treble twisted Halter* it is not easily to be snapp'd asunder; and I'll give you my Word for it that I shall put a Rod in Piss for any Scoundrel that shall attempt to weaken either of them. Pray let me ask you one civil Question, what is the Meaning that you are always disturbing and breaking in upon the Quiet of *me* and my Family? Why are you ever raising Jealousies, and, by blowing up the Coals of Contention, bringing an Odium upon Us? I am amazed that you should endeavour to make young Men run resty, whose Minds ought to be firmly ty'd together *by the Cognation of common Utilities* [Ap. 2.]. A very pretty Manner indeed of defending Me, exposing me to the Hatred and Suspicion of Those who would be my Friends! But what signifies talking? A Multitude of Words won't fill a Bushel! Consider, I beg of you, that I had always the Reputation of being a Friend [App. 3.] to Government from my very Cradle to this Day, and I shall cultivate it, notwithstanding

notwithstanding all your Swaggering, down to Posterity. It is my Opinion that I ought not only to be innocent, but free from all manner of Censure. For 'tis a Sort of Crime in me, even to labour under [ *App. 4.* ] Suspicion. What the Duce then is the Meaning of your being so plaguy *Obstropulous*? Why are you so taken with new Schemes? Remember the *Affidavy* you and your Gang have made: One would think *This* should hold you: I am certain your Subtilty can't disengage you from it, nor can you get rid of it by a Horse Laugh. I charge you now, once for all, not to appear in my Amphitheatre, as you would against an Enemy, vapouring and brandishing your wooden Sword, nor do the dirty Work which the Enemies of the Commonwealth would have you do. If indeed you are one of that Tribe, why do you counterfeit, and pretend to be angry and in a Pet that Things are laid to your Charge, which you underhand court, and think your greatest Glory? But if you think with me, why do you attack those Sword in Hand who are engaged on the same Side, and in these dangerous and ticklish Times strive Horse and Foot to vindicate *my* Reputation, and defend their *own* Fidelity?

I can safely declare it from my Heart that  
I am devoted to nothing but to say my  
Prayers

Prayers and read my *Horn Book*; and I would give this one Caution to my *Younkers* to mind their Business, and as they are not mingled with a Company of illiterate Tradesmen, or a Gang of Thieves, sometimes to enjoy the happy Opportunity given them of *lounging* as becomes Gentlemen of the Gown. What, in the Name of Goodness, are you doing in opposing This! Why would you draw these Boys aside from their Studies to dip every Mother's Son of them over Head and Ears in Politicks; for no other Reason I suppose, but to make them your Toad-Eaters, and your *Sir Positive At Alls*? To live in a State of Idleness, troublesome to Themselves, and odious to Others. Marry Muff! If you have so much idle Time hanging upon your Hands, as to be [*App. 5.*] *officious* about others Business and neglect your own, I can tell you this, Sir, I shall think your *own* not worth minding.

But pray, tell me, who made you a Dictator and Cenfor in Politicks? or commissioned you to arraign Folks at your Mock Tribunal? What have you to do with *Great Parsons* or *Little Peers*? the worst of them, sure! is better than you. For put the Case that these People do serve to be flirled and sneer'd at, it does not become such a Fellow as you to do it. You! I say, Sir, who pre-  
side



side over *Liberty Hall*, and whose Duty it is to instill proper Notions into your young Men, to instruct them to keep their Breeches buttoned, to give good Words to the least of their Creditors, and to make yourself the Example of avoiding constantly all Manner of *Fraccaws*: And, one Thing more, to abstain from Mouthing and Mischief-making, and to dread the very Thought of studying the admired System of old *Tycho*. [App. 6.]

But you, I am told, forsooth, are scheming to be admired for an out of the Way witty Fellow; and ("Camelion like") are bringing yourself to wanton with the stinking Breath of Mobb and *Tobacco Quidders*. To be applauded as a *Writer*, you soar, like a Faulcon, to come at your Game: To be deem'd an *Orator*, you bellow like a Bull; pretend to a secret Legerdemain in tagging Rhymes as a Poet; and in short you seem to be a pretty Composition of *Honey* and *Sirreverence*. Oh! fye upon it! What a much ado have we here about nothing. It makes my poor *Belly ach* to mention those Things, which you most plume yourself upon. Upon my Soul! what you do is a most devilish Blot in my Escutcheon, and a mortal Reflection on the *grand Climacterick*. A Body might have bore well enough with

B

a young

a young Puppy playing the Fool so, but for an old Fellow to act the Malapert Buffoon and be pleased with Boys Tricks, instead of a Stall and Cushion, he should sit in the Gallery at St. Mary's with the Creatures who are fond of being *Senior Sophs*. Nay by playing thus at *T. Totum, Leap Frog*, and *Laugh and lye down*, you'll be hissed at in old Age, and become the Pissing Post of *all the Doctors, both the Proctors*, and all the ragged Retinue of the Green Bag Order.

But come hither and hearken a little, and let us talk over that Day when you thought you gain'd great Honour, when you swaggered, and mounting the Stage, without my Ticket, with your old Officioufness attracted the Eyes of all the Assembly upon you : And what a mortal bad Stick did you play there ? Whose Head did you break, or whose Ribbs did you bruise with your brandish'd Cudgel and ugly Looks ? Which of all my Pack of Pupil-Mongers did you lear and squint at, and make the Bye-Word and hissing of the Mob, by saying [*App. 7.*] nothing at all of him ?—Marry come up ! Think you it could be any Nuts to me to see Folk drubb'd in such a Manner for Fun ? I do assure you it turn'd my very *Inwards* to see you pleased with such false Plaudities, glorying in the base *Claps* given  
you

( II )

you by the Ladies. Nor could I help blushing, when I observ'd my Glory thus bedawbed and bespattered with your Nastiness, and you spoiling the Entertainment by unsavoury Capers, and throwing Dirt on Folks so finely dish'd out in their Holyday Cloaths. Is this consistent with *your* Senatorial Gravity and *my* Honour?

But hark ye, Mr. *What d'ye call 'm*, what is that same Thing which you are continually trumpeting in the Ears of my Boys, which you call *Liberty*! A pretty tickling *Recitative* in good Truth! I am fore afraid 'twill noose the poor Lads, 'till, like Woodcocks they are caught in a Springle: Oh! I heartily pray they may always continue Fools [*App. 8.*] rather than be converted into Madmen. [*Ap. 9.*]

Oh! thou injudicious Jockey [*Ap. 10.*] thou'lt cut no Figure at *New-Market*, thus to lay on thick your Whip and Spurs upon Willing Tits that want to be rid in the *Pelham* Bit. But to quit the Metaphor, I suppose you inculcate it as a Virtue, for a young Brat to fly in the Face of his Tutor, to take him by the Nose, and revive the old Scheme of Levelling, lowering their Governor's Top-sails, and bidding Defiance to Proctor and Devil. [*Ap. 10.*] Good lack-a-  
B 2 Day!

Day ! What a fine Hole must your Neck or Nothing Temerity bring us into ? Under your great Umbrage what desperate *Renegados* shall we have, if my Boys (as I am afraid they be not the sharpest in the World) should be Fools enough to hearken to you ; and from a lovely Contentment with ticking for humble *Mildo*, (my favourite Nectar) they should run into nothing less than *Rumbo* and *Bumbo*, without any Design of ever paying for it. Happy Doings, I' Faith ! the blessed Effects of your late *Idibus Aprilibus* Housewarming, Sauciness at Home, and Damning and Sink-abroad. What confounded Work will this breed amongst Us ! We shall be soon in a delicate [*Ap.* 12.] Pickle, I'll answer for it, and have Reason to curse old K——G's Entertainment.

Apartments highly furnished but never paid for ; Youth rusticated for extravagant Battels ; Heads of Houses doating and stalking about in Leading Strings and Slobbering Bibbs, and the whole Faculty of Carcass Menders, with all their Phlebotomy, Bolus's and Clysterpipes, not able to preserve one Scruple of Health for the Space of an Act Term only, tho' so inconsiderable as to be kept in a Fortnight.

Oh dear ! Oh dear ! I hope never to see  
these



these Misfortunes befall us; they'll never tally with our Constitution; Things never calculated for my Meridian. Yet you would willingly be thought a tip-top Fellow here: You set up forsooth for a mighty Stickler in my Affairs, a Censor of Morals, and a wonderful Encourager of Learning: I wish with all my Heart your Practice did but agree with your Preachments.

Do you open Shop for to furnish Boys with Manners, with Chastity, Industry and becoming Respect to Tutors and Seniors? Why then are you always plaguing and persecuting Those of the same [*Ap.* 13.] Trade? This is not a jesting Matter I assure you. You are always making Fun with my *favourite poor Creature*, and setting your Fellows upon him, to make Mouths and snarl at him, as tho' he was not worth minding. And this is what you call teaching Boys Manners and Modesty. This is your rascally cracking what a Friend you are to me, and to my Discipline, at the very Time you are destroying my Harmony by [*Ap.* 14.] cutting the Strings of my Fiddle.

Your devilish Spite at this little Fellow, (above all others) makes me almost raving. A *poor quiet inoffensive Thing!* who never troubles his Head about any Body's Matters  
but

but his Own and Mine, and is as innocent as the Babe unborn. And yet you must be for ever and a Day at him in this saucy and provoking manner.

But come, Sir, since you are so much upon your Conundrums and quaint Questions; since you are shewing your Teeth, like a snarling Curr, and can't bite, I can tell you He is a dead one at *Logick*, knows *Philology* and *Ethicks*, and, tho' but a little one, he's as cunning a Lad as any of his Inches, and a wonderful Dabbler in *Politicks*.

What signifies your cracking then? You! a meer Novice in Learning; an Upstart, a meer Mushroom, whose Name was scarce ever mentioned 'till lately! You that own Yourself to have been an idle Fellow, given to [*App.* 15.] *Drinking* and *Whoring*, and such sort of disagreeable *Pastimes*. I can compare you to no One for my Part, but one of the Monks of a former Century, Fellows who abused their barren Genius: And You, *envying their Fame*, are got upon tacking together bad Rhymes, a Writer of a Day! whose Fame may raise a [*App.* 16.] Laugh and a Clap, and be extinguished presently.

Come, hang it, I will say that for Thee however, that Thou art no Orator fit for  
*Athens*

*Athens* or *Rome*, yet Thou art a singularly sprightly, indefatigable Fellow, and I wish with all my Soul my Boys would copy Thee as a Stage Player and in an any Things Oratorical in thy Writings. But don't think thyself a *Tully*, or that thou art Master of any true old Eloquence in writing Latin; but sit down contented with being thought *Learned* among the *Ignorant*, an *Orator* by the *Seditious*, and a Latin Scholar by Those who can speak nothing but English.

You must not be cracking amongst my Lads in *Oxford*; in *London* Taverns you may found your own Trumpet, call together your Gang, expose your Traffick to Sale, pick up the *Corianders*, and laugh at the Fools you have imposed upon. But don't think to catch old Birds with Chaff. I and Mine are too cunning by half for your Nooses: And I am determin'd (grow as pregnant as you please) never to be your [*App.* 17.] Midwife, nor lend one helping Finger towards your Delivery. I assure you I'll take no Affairs in Hand but what are pure and legitimate; and from whence I may draw something that is likely to be hopeful and good.

And now, Sir, in one Word, I'd have you to know, that I am not such a One as You take me for; I am the Mother of knowing  
and

and good Children ; not a private Creature, but a publick One ; not kept for the Use of any one Sett of Men, but heartily devoted to the free Use of the Commonwealth. And pray take Notice that I am not fond of Fellows addicted to Idleness and Luxury, as they are Men incapable of defending my Character, or being my real Friends. I'll have nothing to do with your impertinent Dealers in Politicks, or those who love to head a Party ; but Those shall be caressed by me who spend all their Strength in my Affairs, who are for promoting Learning and Religion, and are the [*App.* 18.] Asserters of my old wholesome Discipline, in which alone (if I am not mistaken) consists my Safety and my Honour.





# APPENDIXES.

## *Appendix I.*

**I**F it should be asked how the Old Lady's Back came to be up so suddenly, and to break out into a rash, confounded Scolding at poor old K——g, the Reader may remark that she was put upon it by an impertinent mischief-making *Fellow* from E——on. A natural Incendiary from his Cradle. 'Tis pity the Author of the *Letter to the Oxford Tories* had not left out his Encomium on this Wretch's Merit: "A pretty Ornament truly  
 " to the *University*, and a marvellous Credit  
 " to it at this Time!" The College which suckled him rejoiced at his Removal from it, having always been a Disturber of it's Quiet and Publick Weal. His Resentment, whilst an Academick, I'm told, was vented

on all publick Proceedings: In *Convocation* an open Espouser of all unreasonable Opposition: On all Occasions he *belch'd* out ill-natur'd Scraps of Latin, and became such a Mirror at Oratory, as never by speaking to influence one single Vote: He became at last proverbial; the Sport of Academical Youth, and even Petitioners for *Unreasonable* Favours seem'd to have no other Hope of Success than by solliciting *J. B——n* to speak *against* them. How far he deserves his own Commendation (*viz.*) “*Otijs & pacis Studiosus,*” the *Billingsgate* Abuse thro' his whole *modest* Epistle is the best Demonstration. This is the Wretch who put the Old Woman in her Tantarums, and made her sputter against Dr. *K—g* such a Medley of passionate and non-sensical Expressions.

*App. 2.*

*Cognition of common Utilities.* Pag. 6.] A most uncommon Thought, dish'd out in as uncommon Expression. I don't remember it either in *Tully* or any Author of Credit but *B——n*. However the Translation is literal, least I should lose one Grain of it's Beauty by Deviation.

*App.*

*App. 4.*

*Labour under Suspicion.*] If J. B——n had not Tully's Authority for This, no-body would believe him. His own Manner of thinking hath ever contradicted it: He has  
C 2 been

been suspected, and chose to be so.—  
 Suspected! of what, pray? Not of being an  
*impertinent, officious, troublesome Fellow*. Open  
*Actions* over-rule *Suspicion*. Was he ever  
*suspected* of having been a diligent Tutor?  
 Barefaced Remissness and notorious Negli-  
 gence may serve to remove all Suspicion. Six  
 Lectures in four Years clear the Point, and  
 living Witnesses, I'm told, can justify the  
 Fact. At this Rate he will never be *sus-*  
*pected* of being *Verax*; because in his Epist.  
 to E. B. he declares he was always diligent.  
 Can he be *suspected* of being *modest*? No  
 modest Man commends himself (*See Epist.*  
*Pag. 32.*) Perhaps he is *suspected* of *Gra-*  
*titude*: No, Dr. Bland, once Provost of this  
 Place, knew that no such Crime would ever  
 stain John B——n's Character.

In short: He fears *Suspensions* more than  
*Facts*, and puts the *Jealous* out of all Pain,  
 by being affectedly and eminently *bad*. The  
 Expression therefore must pass—it being bet-  
 ter, to be sure! to be openly culpable, than  
 to be *suspected* and not *guilty*.

App. 5.

*Officious about others Business, &c. Pag. 8.]*  
 This Thought, I apprehend, is founded on  
*Fact.*



*Fact.* Sad Effects attend Impertinence ; and when an officious, meddling Fellow prouls abroad in Quest of Game, 'tis Ten to One if some Mischief does not come of it at Home. The Presentments of the Church-Wardens of *M—ple D—rb—m* (If I am not mis-informed) a very few Years back in a good Measure confirm this Observation, By being *too busy with others Affairs*, and too inattentive to his Pastoral Office, no fewer than half a Dozen of his poor deserted Lambs, in the Year 1741, (nourished with more *Carnal* than *Spiritual* Food) went astray, and were called into the Spiritual Court for Bastardy, A trifling Affair ! compared to the Business he was about abroad.

*App. 6.*

*Tycho. Pag. 9.]* Tho' *Copernicus's* Discovery looks best in *Theory*, yet the old *Tycho* System is most received, I'm told, in *Oxford*. I shall leave This to be accounted for by those obsolete Fellows, who maintain many of *Aristotle's* ridiculous Doctrines notwithstanding the more rational Discoveries of *Mr. Locke* and others.

*App.*

## App. 7.

*Ipfius Taciturnitatis Indicio, &c.* By saying nothing at all of him, &c. Pag. 10.] I am told this would be deem'd no Abuse at all in the Spiritual Court, or at Common Law. Let us try to make out this Abuse of little B——m. By saying nothing at all of a Man it is plain there can be no verbal Abuse: If the Doctor shut his Eyes, it might possibly be a winking Abuse, but how to ascertain the Person abused by winking, will be a harder Knot than the Fellow of E——on can untie: He is represented however as leering over one Shoulder at him: He look'd at him *obliqua Oculo*. By what the eminent Oculist Dr. Taylor says, it can be interpreted no staring Abuse; for he tells us all staring must be directly forward: I cannot account for this but by concluding, that if there was any Injury at all, it must arise from nodding. There is a common Proverb that a Nod to a blind Horse is as good as a Wink. But nothing abusive can be drawn from hence. Besides Nodding is a Species of Bowing, and as Bowing carries with it Respect, I cannot discover the Abuse. John B——n's Great Idol (but Little Man) I fancy should have been worshipped: But I conclude Dr. K——g was never at Bethel, and therefore, for want of know-  
ing

ing that kind of Adoration, should be excused for not bending the Knee to a *Calf* of *Johnny's* own suckling. *Orpheus* certainly play'd as well as ever *B—th—m* sung (tho' bred a Chorister at) and yet *Orpheus*, in Mr. *Bridges's Microcosm*, seems quite contented with a Nod of the *Camel*, with the Motion of the *Lion's* Tail, as he had no Hat to pull off, and the great Elephant's *Devoirs* were accepted as Respect enough by moving his *Trunk* only.—We must not think therefore that little *Neddy* was abused *at all* in the Instance mentioned by the ingenious *John B—n* of *E—on* College.

App. 8, 9.

*Ex Stultis Insanos faciat.*] Direct Opposition to a Maxim in Life, "that a *Fool* can " never be a *Madman*." But general Rules have particular Exceptions : And, if I was to produce an Instance of it, I would conclude *Johnny* thought of Himself to authorise the *Thought* as well as the *Expression*. Whether He deserves the Character of *both*, of *either*, or of *neither* let the Reader of his abusive, filthy Epistle determine as he pleases.

App.

*App. 10.*

*Injudicious Jockey. Pag. 11.] The New-Market Riders never shew more Judgment than in keeping their Coursers in Wind. Pricking and Bearing is galloping without Hurt to the Beast: But to give a loose Rein; to be always digging with both Heels and laying on the Whip-Cord violently, will soon jade the best Tit in Nature, and utterly ruin a Nagg of Spirit.*

*App. 11.*

*Proctor and Devil, &c. Pag. 11.] Upon the Admittance of a fresh Culprit into Newgate, Custom has made it a Sort of Law for him to pay his Garnish, and the fettered Crew console each other with Songs proper for such a Solemnity. I am told that in most of the Academies in England, fresh Fees are there paid bearing a great Analogy to this Custom. A Younger is no sooner entered at Cambridge, but the Jubilee opens with this Bachanalian Orgie, viz.*

*The Man that is drunk is free from all Care,*  
the last Line of which ends with this Defiance bidden to Proctor and Devil. A Song, I suppose, my E—on Friend had been perfectly master of.

*App.*



## App. 12.

*In a delicate Pickle, &c. Pag. 12.]* A well made Pickle is an excellent Preservative. But I apprehend Mr. B——n does not like any but what is made of *Roman* or *Attick* Salt: And for that Reason may think, instead of Preserving it may tend to Corruption. You may have a much better Account of Pickling however from *King's Cookery* at *Cambridge* than from K——g's Speech at *Oxford*; or from *John B——n* at *E——on*.

## App. 13.

*Why are you always plaguing and persecuting those of the same Trade ? Pag. 13.]* A most ridiculous Question truly ! There is scarce to be found a Country Fellow in the Kingdom but what has heard that *Two of a Trade can never agree*.—Two Kitchen Dogs often go together by the Ears for a Bone : How common is it for two Pedagogues to find Fault with each others Documents ? Let us wink then at this Blunder and impute it to Dotage.

D

App.

App.

## App. 14.

*By cutting the Strings of my Fiddle. Pag. 13.]*  
 The old Lady plays well : But she seems a  
 Stranger to a Maxim in Musick, (*viz.*) that  
*there is no Harmony without Discord*: For the  
 Truth of this I appeal to the Professor of that  
 Science. It will admit of no Question whe-  
 ther Dr. K——g does not promote Harmony,  
 when he encourages Discord and sets *Alma*  
*Mater's* Tongue a going to some Tune.

## App. 15.

*Drinking and Whoring and such Sort of*  
*disagreeable Pastimes, &c. Pag. 14.]* I am  
 rather too young to set up for a Critick;  
 else I should think here was a Blunder either  
 in mis-applying the Term *ingratis*, or misun-  
 derstanding it. If a Man did not like *Whor-*  
*ing*, he'd never be at it; And then it might  
 be reckoned *voluptatem ingratam*. Drinking  
 by many is deem'd their *summum bonum*: And  
 I'll answer for it that every Sot thinks it a  
*gratum negotium*. A disagreeable Pleasure,  
 in short, is a kind of Contradiction.

App.

*App. 16.*

*A Laugh and a Clap, &c. Pag. 14.]* As close as Friend *Johnny* has coupled these together, I can't think a *Clap* a Laughing Matter, nor *presently extinguished*. If I'm not very much out in my Judgment many a Son in that Seat of Learning can, to his Sorrow, contradict his Mother's Observation.

*App. 17.*

*Midwife, &c. Pag. 15.]* I think this is the most proper *Simile* in all this Epistle. Old Women generally turn *Midwives*. I wish her Son *B——n* had told us whether his old Mother was ever marry'd. I don't ask him who his Father was; because it requires extraordinary Wisdom in a Child to know his own *Papa*, especially in *Oxford*, where there are so many scheming Gallants and good-natured Women.

*App. 18.*

*Asserters, &c. Pag. 16.]* The Original is *vindices*, a very dubious Term! It may be proper for any thing I know to the contrary;  
But

*App.*



But in some Cases I am sure it is quite the Reverse. Suppose *John B——n* was going to the Gallows, and made use of *Vindex Rerum Capitalium* (as *Sallust* does) I'll be hanged if the *Vindex* did not signify the *Executioner*. But, I hope, he does not make *Mother Oxford* mean so here; and yet I am apprehensive some ill-natured Folks would conclude the Speech all of a Piece, from her own Declaration just before, of “being a Woman for  
“ the Business of a whole Kingdom, with-  
“ out any Distinction to what Party Men are  
“ of.” And that she was as fond of a *Hang-  
man* as a *Judge*, a *Porter* as a *Lord*, and a  
*Whig* as a *Jacobite*. If *B——n* makes her  
such a common Prostitute the Character then  
is consistent, and the Term *Vindices* rightly  
apply'd. But for my own Part I have a greater  
Value for the old Lady's Honour, than to be-  
lieve she would ever forfeit it, and a very  
low Opinion of the Parson of *M——ple  
D——rham* to make her utter such a tedious,  
beastly, scandalous, *Drury Lane* Speech of Rib-  
baldry, Obscenity, Abuse and Nonsense.

F I N I S.

ERRATA, Page 8, l. 28, for *serve* read *deserve*  
Page 11, the last Line, for *App. 10.* read *App. 11.*

